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FIRST MUSIC OF THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Unfit me, Lyre, to sing of thee,
I, the worn slave of toil and care,
To woo the theme that best befits
And see what does not see.

And stranger to the evening star
That slowly by my attic,
With such a confidential air,
Along thy serene path glides.

Unfit me, Lyre, to sing of thee,
For in my cradle-day
I fondly crowded my arms, and thought
With thy bright disc to play;
But, best when not within the sphere
Bore hopes and joys
Than those that lend our spirits here
To floating flowers and toys?

Unfit am, Lyre, to sing of thee,
Oh Night's resplendent queen!
Who on dark solitude pourest such
As thy delighted eyes;
To lovers and withdrawn misery-wits,
To wakeful wind,
To the sad mother arm-chair
Before the blazing grate.

Unfit me, Lyre, to thy car,
And let me learn of thee
Behold it with a tear,
With listener's ears hungry;
And how to make dark places plain,
And order the feeble clime,
And pencil on the midnight pane
The glorious Maker's name.

Hartford, Conn., Jan. 1st, 1862.

ST. REGIS HALL.

A TALE OF TRYON COUNTY IN 1777.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,
AUTHOR OF "BORDER BEAGLES," "NEW BARLOW MYERS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"It's mighty bad news, Josh; dis ere 'bout Burgoyne, and the fights, and Injins, and all dat—mighty bad and scarish. I have young Mason Fred. tell his father dis afternoon, and dey both chicken heart so dey wouldn't stop to eat nuffin."

"Spectral every minute."

"Gosh, Uncle Lake, who—what shall we do?"

"Fight, boys, what we must do. Fight and Fred. says, and I'm ready for one. I'm an old negro, you know, and you're big enough to do military duty now; you're most sixteen. What's the matter wid you? you look pale?"

"No—no, I aint afeard of anybody or'nuther; but the bad English army and all dem Injins is awful, Uncle Lake."

"Well, but there's Col'nel Gates and his army? Mason Fred. says p'r'aps he'll raise a company or two dat; and dey's mighty glad to take 'reputable colored folks right in the ranks along side de white men."

"Oh, dey is, hey?"

"Yes, 'em de same pay, too."

"Well, dat's what I call fair."

"Course it is; I just stated it. You know I was out in '76 and '79."

"Out of it?" said Josh, to whom this phrase, caught up by Lake from his military master, was quite unintelligible.

"Wal, out of a couple of 'listings," replied the older negro, laughing. "Wouldn't money—But what I mean is, I was in the war in 1776 and 1780. You know dat; I often tell you 'bout dat."

"Oh, yes, I know. Old war between de English and French, when dey fit for Canaydy."

"Fool—no such thing! Revolutionary war, I know."

"Yes, I ought to know—I here it often enough—"

"And under Gin'ral Wolfe."

"Yes, yes—"

"I was a de boats dat went down de river in de night; I climbed up de hill wid de soldier soldiers and was de hardest to get back down."

"Because why?"

"Wal, I don't know exactly, but 'twas a terrible steep place to climb up in de dark—and some say de bushes was dat was there."

"Didn't you lose your gun?"

"Well, some of us didn't heb no guns. I was one of dat kind, I was. I carried some of Mass Major's countrymens and bags. But he got me."

Notwithstanding the staleness of the story to the listener, he could not fail to be interested by the animated manner of the narrator, and by his many emphatic and singular gestures, in which the boy he wished was made to play an unimportant part. Like the Ancient Mariner, he had his "glittering eye," and, although he could not hold Josh by it, and this boy he could say (at least or *least Josh*)

"The moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me."

"Well, don—dey *text* Quebec?" said Josh, after a short pause.

"Course dey did—and ever so many prisoners—and ever so much ammunition, and cannons, and guns."

"And sold at?"

"Yes, dat about ended de war in dis country. After a while de French army was all taken, and dere was peace. King George he was mighty glad, and paid de officers heaps of money, and pensions, and one ting under, and buried Gin'ral Wolfe in Westminster Abbey, which must a been a mighty satisfaction to him, you know."

"Oh course."

"And Mason Major—de king gave him ten thousand acres of land out here in de woods, and to him; but de six Injun chiefs around here dey agreed to it, and all signed a deed wid de letters of rattlesnakes and sand turtles, and dey all got fretful drunk, and would a signed off de whole valley of de Mohawk for smoke before to-night."

"Did dey own de land, dem Injins?"

"Yes—white chiefs tells 'em so; though dey never dreamed of such a thing as sellin' land before de white folks come. But it held at it mighty cheap; dey dey said Mason must name de place after one of dere tribes, and so he named it after de St. Regis tribe, cos dat was de puniest name."

"And was dat how dis house came for to be St. Regis Hall?"

"Yes, dat was de way."

"How much did Mason Major pay dem Injins?"

"Oh, he gev 'em a bar'l or two of whiskey, and a suit of regimentals to two or three of de chiefs. Dey were awful fond of regimentals, and de coats and de sash and cocked hats sometimes dey would go about in warm weather wid barely nothing on but a cocked hat and a pair of epaulets."

"And dat de way Mason Major got so rich?"

"Yes; King George didn't know how much dat land was going to be worth when he sold it to he chiefs."

"Do you think so, Luke?" said a third party, who had approached unobserved, and who proved to be one of the neighbors of the last eulogy.

"Hey, Mason Major, dat you?" said Luke, glancing at his idle tools and his unfinished work. "I'm tellin' dis boy how you got your land, sir."

Major Barton was a man of celebrity also, maintaining his great carriage and military deportment at the age of fifty as perfectly as when twenty twenty years before, he had bravely led his soldiers to victory on the plains of Abraham. His extensive bright wealth have been equally true to a Virginian planter of the period, dey, with his wealth of land and his freedom, the nobility and symmetry of his limbs, and his full, round and ruddy face, all proclaimed him yet to be in the fullest possession of his physical powers. Father Time had not, however, allowed him to occupy all proof of his power, for the same crown locks of the Major, although sadly mingled he profusion, had whitened around his temples, and he bore a manner erect more befitting the age of three score and ten than his middle stage of life.

He smiled benignly on the apologetic negro, and replied, with good nature

"We're not going to have much time to talk about old wars now, Luke. This new war is like to be all about us this summer, and we shall be obliged to take part in it whether we will or no."

"Mason Major don't mean to fight itself, I s'pose."

"Certainly he does indeed. He's going again, says Major Barton, rather thinking about the matter, but as well to himself as to the others, for he was addressing the latter, "and he will be of service to us. He knows the path of ambush and plain before him.

The neighbors, most of whom had espoused the patriot cause, appreciated his position, and gave him by credit for the entire integrity of purpose, which, on all other points, he had ever maintained. He was not a universally popular among them; he was known to be a lenient and benevolent, as well as just man; there were few of the acquaintances he affected to despise, who had not in some way received or received some pleasant proofs of his generosity; but "of course," said they, "he was opposed to all their views, and talked with delight every effort of his countrymen to throw off the yoke of the mother country."

It was owing partly to this circumstance, but principally to a positive regret to the fate of this large, castle-like stone house was well suited to the purposes of defence, that Major Barton had thus far escaped attack from the roving bands of Indians in Tryon Valley, whose eyes the patriot inhabitants were becoming a matter of alarming frequency.

The whigs or patriots were not the only sufferers by these fearful visitations, for the disappointed persons, and occasionally even well known Indians, whose property, through the cupidity of these heroes bowies, were liable to be taken from them, were equally vigilant in their pursuit. "But they never get off," said the Major, "if not at all times under the direction of my people, yet if some hostile scalping party or plunder, become separated from its fast fleet of canoes, and have been reported as being in Canada to be exchanged for British prisoners in the hands of the rebels."

The fertile and romantically beautiful region through which we write although at that time very thinly settled, was the scene of many a bloody Indian struggles for the defence of its possessors. Many a fierce battle was fought in the valley of the Mohawk, an irregular intervale of the Hudson, which, from the mouth of the Mohawk with the Hudson at Half Moon to its junction with the Hudson at Half Moon to its junction with the Hudson at Half Moon to its junction

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sheep. But they are quite welcome and we will do what we can to protect them and to teach them to protect themselves. There is strength in union."

"I wonder they don't start for the fort?"

"It is too far, and they are far too much frightened to risk being overtaken on the way. Besides they might find little Fort Harbinger filled before they reached it, as we once did, you remember, when many were obliged to fly to the woods."

"Some quite nestle that corner," replied Frederick. "Old Brown, as we used to call the cripple, you know, says he would rather trust to the trees than to any fort. He and his family can carry most of their few effects; and as for his solid log house, it would be difficult for the Indians to burn it down, and not much fear if they did."

The fugitives who were seen approaching, although chiefly women and children, included several who looked men, and were from that part of the settlement which the scout had traversed before reaching Mr. Barton's house.

All being on the alert, and in dread of an attack, they had prepared for it by taking part of their few valuables in the earth, and gathering the remainder together and placing them down in their expected flight. At the approach of the flying horseman, waving a flag which he carried for a signal, they had hastily started, and knowing until the scout drew near that he was one of his neighbors, or how rapid might be his descent upon them.

It was a melancholy spectacle: for among the approaching company were many of the old settlers people, whose tottering frames were upheld by their more vigorous relatives—while the terrified children added by their cries to the distress of parents who sought in vain to quiet their fears.

Most of the party were on foot: for many who had better means of transportation had stuffed themselves of them to seek the more distant and safer refuge which the fort was supposed to afford.

Notwithstanding the alarmity which Mr. Barton had shown during former less portentous alarms, he declined to leave his premises, but manifested some uncertainty of a favorable reception now, and the first of whom he spoke was named Price, who acted as sort of marshal to the straggling band, rode up to the house, and when Major still placidly smoking his cigar, assisted their crowd, and which he

"Shall I bring those people here, Major Barton; or must they go further? I am afraid of being in attack upon you, if we stop."

"Your talking that way is very prompt reply. "Let all come who will, and I will certainly do my best to defend them."

"Nitty said," rejoined the first speaker, who was a tall, gaunt man, in middle life; "we are not at non-combatants, you perceive, for here are a good dozen stout hearts and strong hands; and every man to fight for his own."

Signalling his followers, who had halted, and were awaiting his instructions, to come on, he set out of this brief colloquy, they hastily turned from the highway and entered the larger pathway which stood hospitably open; all pressing forward in an disorderly haste as if pursued and already close upon them.

"The blessing of those who are ready to perish be upon you," said a mother, who with an infant in her arms, and a boy about three years clinging to her dress, passed their chivalric defender.

"God bless her mother!" cried an old man, as he hobbled on, supported by one crutch, and a stout boy of twelve, to furnishing his sturdy shoulder for the other. "God bless her mother! but none of you three cheered particularly by the proverb regarding old men and boys, and him to gain the interior of the house, and take the station assigned to them by the master of the family.

Scarcely had the last of the troops passed through the gate, when others began to make their appearance from the dark forest on the south side of the settlement.

They came in smaller parties, those who lived nearest to the Hall, and who had received the earliest intelligence, and who had to reach the place of refuge, while the more distant villagers were later in arriving, yet came with a more headlong haste. Many rushed across the lots, climbing the fences, tripping in the fallen females, and in some instances frantically pitching the screaming children over, to be caught on the other side by the ploughed soil of the opposite field. Most men carried guns, and were laden with some valuable resource which they were unable to leave to the enemy, and others, who they dared not even commit to the safe keeping of mother earth.

Mr. Barton received them cordially and with a cheerful and encouraging air, and refused not to inspect the fugitives, several whom thronged around him to entertain his views of the impending danger. As the scout had said, he was unreturned, and he brought their weapons with them, the Major found that there by no means contemptible, and with so many hands anxious to be employed, he was confident they could complete the few defences of which his position was capable.

Doors and windows were barricaded: but water was prepared in great abundance, really in the southern should stores the building, to be poured upon them by those who could use the more effective weapons, and some of the more resolute women eagerly offered their services and carried them into the upper rooms for a similar use.

The swivel, however, was justly considered the most formidable auxiliary in the defence, and it became a matter of debate where it could be used most advantageously.

To raise a breastwork of logs and stones in front of the Hall, and mount the piece there, as it would have been a task easy of accomplishment, and this was thought by some the most proper thing to do. But a little reflection convinced the Major that it was not the safest course.

"I do not believe, Captain Price," he said, "that the Indians will, if they be courage in that really noble, which would be necessary to storm even so small a house as mine. I believe that if they labour to annoy them I might be mistaken, and with no great difficulty dislodged. Force we could not afford to lose our cannon, much less to have it spiked against us."

Captain Price had carried his title as a militia officer, in times of peace, not to any great service, but he was esteemed as a brave and sensible man, and what still more portion of the Tryon county volunteers who were now strength, ruling the hands of Colonel Campbell from Old Stanwix, only because it had been necessary that some of the more considerate citizens should remain at home for the protection of the little community aged "not such rude as that which now threatened them.

The conclusion, however, of three Home guards was miserably small; they were too scattered to admit of any prompt reinforcement, and to the present sudden and formidable invasion, they could do nothing more than to escort the defenceless members of the community to the forts, and fight for their lives, with the painful prospect, even if their lives were saved, of seeing their dwellings fired, and their cattle and sheep fall a prey to the rapacious foe.

Captain Price was a farmer of considerable means, and on him the blow was like to fall with severity.

"We ought not to have been caught in such a plight as this," he said, without directly speaking to Barton; "our men have volunteered too freely for the common service, and we do only as the valley roots from Johnstown, the headquarters of Torghin, to Fort Stanwix."

"Fort Stanwix is a most important point to hold," replied the Major; "if it falls, there is nothing to say the tide of dissection which will sweep into which every strong city will be the bosom of destruction. How many now alive would have been spared, had they not gone the victorious arms of St. Leger, and swell his triumphant ranks! How many more savage Indians would join their brethren of the St. Lawrence, who are already gathered beneath his banner, panting for carnage and plunder?"

"True, Colonel Gansevoort has no more men than he needs, and his property is not a particularly bright one on either side. *However*——"

This advent formed a favorable quotation of Captain Price, and stood for a great deal of indefinite qualification of all that preceded it. It was generally used without any design of giving further expression to ideas which it was to succeed.

"And now, Mr. Price, about our pet gun. I think we must take it inside and plant it before a second story window, where it can sweep with the blinds until the time comes for it to operate. I do not want to have a battery assembling to expect it, for it may call in Johnson's men to trust to see what he is about."

"We will be most likely to do that if you have prepared to act as a bellygerent. Hoot!"

"Perhaps not, if his force is so large as reported, but at all events I will not commit any hasty attitudes. Will you take charge of the bolstering of the gun?"

"Most certainly."

"Take with you ropes or chains for you, as may best suit your purpose."

Price assented to put the major's plans in execution, and with the aid of his many willing assistants, the piece was soon mounted in the second story of the house, and a staging of logs was built up to support it, and bring it on a level with the window sill. The apartment in which it was placed was the one occupied by the owner windows of which were but a few feet apart, and therefore it was easy to see and command that the cautious could readily be applied to one or the other, according to the exigencies of the anticipated battle might require. The Major was a man of peace, and the little battery being in the east chamber, it consequently was considered as belonging to which as attacking party would most naturally come.

CHAPTER III.

While these preparations were making by a part of his force, Mr. Barton sent a few others to other means of defence, and although all seemed to have some employment, and the movements continued no calm and deliberate, that some of the more experienced of the party that he did not appreciate the danger, or was not sufficiently impressed with the necessity to meet it.

"Lord a' mercy!" exclaimed a terrified old lady, whose spectacles had been shaken down on the bridge of her nose, and a face from whose eyes were widely dilated with alarm; "what else do men mean by making such work that, with his sugar in his mouth, and talking to his wife, and he a man of his age, and a deacon to boot. I haven't any patience with Major Barton's folly in letting them do as they please, Mrs. Ledger, when he knows that they're going to be killed, every soul of them."

"Major Barton's Major Barton!" exclaimed a very pale but very pretty young lady, rushing to the door in alarm; "what's the matter? Is coming! they are already in sight! Mr. Sheldon!"

"Never mind what Mr. Sikes says, my dear: the enemy is not coming, and you will see the full twenty minutes' notice of their arrival if they come between dark, which I don't believe they do."

This little ruffled faintly so she replied, somewhat abashed:

"Excuse me, sir—of course you know best, but mother is very much frightened, and——"

"Of course she is—of course you know best, frightened, too, Miss Fanny," said Mr. Barton, laughing; "but Mrs. Ledger must not be frightened, and you must not trust to my vigilance. I have not been asleep, and I shall not be, either, to-night."

He gave the young lady his arm, and leading her a little further from the building, pointed to the direction of the road.

"Do you see any one there?"

"Oh, yes, sir," exclaimed Miss Fanny, now coloring deeply. "I see your son, Mr. Frederick Barton."

"And he is in his hand?"

"Surely, sir."

"And he is looking down the river road with it, is he not, Miss Fanny?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Miss Fanny, that is a powerful glass, and Augustus has good eyes, and you may depend upon it, that if any one else can see one he will see the enemy before he does. He has kept at his post three days, and I trust he will not remain there until this time to-morrow, unless we have him down."

"I really beg your pardon, sir."

"Not at all, my dear; you have got and obey your good mother's fears, and then, if you please, return to me. I have some work for you, you can, child."

He then handed the young lady, with a look of surprise and pleasure.

"Yes—I will give you a lesson in scraping lint and preparing bandages, that you may learn some of their other women to act the part of them to-day."

"Lint and bandages!" exclaimed Fanny, again turning very pale; "why, do any body look for——"

"Not yet, Fanny, but if our visitors should be excited enough to fire a few bullets into us, and at us to-night, it is quite possible, you see, that somebody might get hurt."

"Oh, we shall certainly all be killed, sir."

"That's highly improbable, Fanny, and as it is the worst possible view of the case, I would advise you not to look on it."

"But really—oh, my dear mother and sweet little Lucy—you will not, sir, will you?"

The mention of lint, bandages and bullets had so worked upon the feelings and the fine imagination, that she seemed ready to swoon with terror.

"Why, Fanny," replied the major, smiling, "you certainly did not think that these people were coming here to play at cricket with us, or to have a game of leap-frog?"

"Oh, sir, sir, but——"

"If they were as sure of battle, as we approached, they will certainly shoot at us, and most probably somebody will be wounded—perhaps every body will be killed—perhaps all, Fanny," added the major, now with an added look of affection to—"perhaps all will either be killed or made prisoners. But pray let me see you act as example of courage and calmness. So shall we all be better able either to avert the evil or bear it with Christian fortitude."

"I will certainly try, sir," replied Fanny Hall, "and I am much obliged to you for your kindness. I will go and return to my duties."

Miss Hale was the daughter of a retired lieutenant judge, who had promptly responded to the call of his country by raising and equipping at his own cost a company of volunteers, with whom he was now serving at Fort Stanwix. The absence of his family upon this duty was one for protection were of course, under such circumstances, very strong; and it is only true to his means gentleman, he was a fine others of the women and children present had been tempted by the natural prominence to the same manner.

The young lady soon returned, and announced her readiness to enter upon the duty assigned her, and although still pale, she had overcome her trepidation of voice and manner, and gave evidence by the promptness of her friend subdued been disregarded.

"I have to mail a few minutes here for the return of one of my black lieutenants," said the major, "and then we will go to Mrs. Barton, and I can give you and her all necessary directions for bandaging and lint. In a very few minutes we are not without a surgeon in our number, Lieutenant Hale, who has been spared from duty as a convalescent if his professional services should be needed."

"Oh, you mean Dr. Bard," replied Fanny, speak, I do not sent word to have a doctor in school: he likes to trust a friend of mine to his hands."

"Yes, Fanny, he stands very high——"

"And very crooked, too," replied Miss Hale, who had quite overcome the major's air of nonsense and cheerfulness. "I know he claims to be a friend of mine, and he

A VOICE FROM NATURE.

A father sat two hungry boys
At down to gather acorns;
And said, as, nestling with the oak,
They munched the fruit of morns:
"They are so sweet, my children now—
Now, children, harvest others;
And for future days the best choose,
They hoard upon their knees.

The panel open a hundred stood
Of trees in the forest,
And they had but to gather with
A life a some one chose
And then the happiest life upon
Upon the one and next.
A squirrel, from the branches o'er,
On him the father spoke.

A squirrel, who upon the oak
Like them is munching acorns,
And as the poor man's counsel
It silenced them the while.
That boy, said the parent, "acorns
It, they were things quiet!
But those who are not acorning are
For her desirable feast!"

KITTY GREGORY'S FATE;

OR,

A WINTER'S TALE BEFORE.

BY Lind Independence.

The chill winds of early December had shaken off the last gold leaves that hung trembling to the faded branches, and the shiny pavements had long ago rattled down from their russet husks, until being carried away by the busy wind. little squirrels that rustled through the faded leaves and withered foliage of the grove, or the oaks, the quick shadows; and now, at the close of a dreary day of cloud and wind, the air was falling with a melancholy sound on the sleeping nerves of Mrs. Gregory, sitting at the head of the table.

There was no candle in the huge old kitchen, nor was there need of one, for the glorious blaze of the great piled on the glimmering embers of "fire-dogs." Illumined every crack and corner of the cozy old room, and made Mrs. Gregory's kitchen was as pleasant as apartment as half the parlors in Fifth Avenue palaces, with its snowy floor and cushioned rocking-chairs, and white-curtained window; and as for comfortables, Mrs. Gregory wouldn't have given a fig for 'em, so long as her massive chimney expanded its great sheaves in trumpet splendor beneath the cozy, low ceiling of the ancient cozy, snug old kitchen, and the monthly nurse in the window kept up a semblance of blowing June even on that bleak, rainy December evening.

Nine o'clock," said the deacon, taking off his spectacles, to wipe away an unwonted flow that had suffused their shining surface, "and Kitty—she should—how the time does slip away, to be sure! I do think that the best way to end a long day Kitty will be with us for three months! Mind, Mary, don't forget your old sister among those gay city folks."

Kitty looked up from her low seat in the chimney corner, and ran across the glowing hearth to lay her soft cheek in a shower of kisses on her mother's face.

"Take good care of my little girl, James" said the old dame, still fondling beside the

"Why, mother, you're as bad as father," cried Kitty, laughing, beside the

"Take good care of my little girl, James,"

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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BOYS WITH MANLY VICES.

Except under a judicious system of moral and religious culture and discipline, boys are not apt to emulate the virtues of their elders. Their bias, too frequently, is toward such of the vices of maturity as their years admit of their practising. It is true that there *are* boys who *instinctively* shrink with disgust from whatever is low and vicious, but they form only a small minority of the child-world. The poet-philosopher who defined men as "children of a larger growth," would have seen reason to change the definition had he lived in our day. Modern boys may be more correctly described as *men of a smaller growth*.

The principal dread of a youngster in this Age of Progress is that he shall be considered *young*—the word being the equivalent of *green* in his vocabulary. Even estimable lads, like David Copperfield, blush at the thought of their [illegible] the most acceptable bit of flattery that can be addressed to almost any boy is the compliment embodied in cunning Shylock's remark to the beardless mock-advocate—"how much more elder art thou than thy looks." Where this anxiety to be accounted mature leads to the early development of manly virtues, it is all very well; but unfortunately *this* kind of precociousness is rather rare. "Boys will be boys" is a common phrase among old people, but however true it may have been in *their* youthful days, it is scarcely applicable now. The urchins of this generation want to be *more* than boys. They deem the venial mischief of children of the olden time beneath their dignity. Instead of giving their tender minds to simple games and sports, they discuss prize-fights. Instead of munching apples, they chew tobacco. Instead of blowing soap bubbles, they smoke cigars. And the worst of it is, that, while few reprove them for the practice of these and other manly vices, many laugh at and some encourage them. If such is the *bent* of the human twig, it is easy to guess how the tree will be inclined. The boy with manly vices generally ripens into the law-defying, peace-disturbing rowdy, whom nothing short of the direct interposition of Providence can save from ruin in this world and the next.

Every night, at hundreds of street corners in this city, may be seen groups of boys and youths, of various ages and corresponding states of demoralization. These street corner conventions are preparatory schools of vice, with teachers, monitors and pupils. The veterans of sixteen relate their experiences for the edification of the assemblage; the next in age and degree—say the twelve-year-olds and ten-year-olds—explain the difficult passages to the eight-year-olds and six-year-olds, and in this way the education of the pupils is rapidly completed. They all chew, spit, smoke and swear—tobacco, expectoration, and blasphemy constituting a triple bond of sympathy between them.

It would be a great blessing to the community and to themselves, if these waifs of society, many of whom are what is called "respectably connected," could be brought under proper religious influences. The training of children in the way they should go is of course a home duty, but if neglected at home by those upon whom the primary responsibility rests, it should, as far as possible, be performed elsewhere. Good counsel, judiciously and opportunely administered, would do much. The mature slave of vice is seldom reclaimed, and yet look at the vast efforts that are made and the immense expense that is incurred with the hope of rescuing such brands from the burning. On the other hand the mind of boyhood, however warped by evil precept and example, still retains in some measure its natural plasticity, and may be moulded out of its own deformity into a better shape, by means which would be thrown away upon the hardened sinner. Our moral lecturers direct their discourses to men. The great body of philanthropists employ their time and money in laboring for the reclamation of the grown-up black sheep of the social fold. They do but little comparatively for the *black lambs*. The pulpit has little to say to boys—little at any rate that they can understand and apply. We want moral lectures for boys—practical lectures, capable of interesting them. We want missionaries who will direct their undivided attention to the boy-world. The great difficulty is that the canker in the bud is neglected, and that the hand of reformation waits till the germ has matured into unwholesome fruit, with dry-rot at the heart, before it begins the remedial process. Alas, in most cases the attempt to remove the corrosion is then too late.

We should like to see moral discourses to boys made a specialty in our system of social reform. Let the fact be demonstrated to them that the manly vices which so many of them cultivate must inevitably prevent them from becoming vigorous men. Prove to them—and it is easily proven—that tobacco and strong drink blast the youthful constitution, blight manhood in the bud, blanch and wither the complexion of youth, shrivel its half-developed muscle, obscure the dawning intellect, tend to shorten life, and predispose to incurable slothfulness, if nothing worse, both the body and the mind. If more pains were taken to root vice out of the green tree, there would be less of it in the dry.

THE PLUNDER-MONGERS.

The shameless wickedness which provoked the Deluge, the impious iniquity which brought down fire from Heaven on the Cities of the Plain, could scarcely have been more heinous than some of the offences against God and man committed by agents and employees of the United States Government since the commencement of the present war. Northern Judases, subsidized by the chief priests of Southern Treason, have labored with Satanic industry to crucify the North, while multitudes of its sworn servants and their pimps and parasites, all in tacit if not in formal alliance with its enemies, have plundered its coffers to an extent which, even with the facts staring us in the face, seems almost incredible.

The Sub-Treasury defaulters under Mr. Van Buren's administration, were mere neophytes in larceny, as compared with hundreds of scoundrels now or recently employed by the War and Navy Departments. Who doubts that individuals high in office have winked at the crime and shared the plunder? If any man who has read the disclosures made before the Congressional Committee of Investigation, supposes that the swarms of horse swindlers, cattle swindlers, shoddy swindlers, musket and rifle swindlers, fuel swindlers, and other cut-purses too numerous to classify, obtained their opportunities to steal *for nothing*, he does great injustice to the *forecast* and *business talent* of the official personages *from* whom and *through* whom they received their appointments.

This sort of thing is done occasionally in Turkey, we believe, but whenever such practices are brought to light the offender is promptly made shorter by the head, or visited in prison by two mutes with a bow-string, who strangle him with as little ceremony as we should use in hanging a mangy cur. Not so here. This is the best-natured of nations—so easy-going that, while it is gallantly fighting an open enemy in the front, it will allow its pretended friends and salaried servants to stand in the rear and pick its pockets with impunity. So far from punishing them, it does not expect them, even when caught in the fact, to disgorge the plunder!

PAINT AND DYE.

Vanity is a munificent weakness. No virtue, not even Charity, is so lavish in its expenditures. Whoever ministers to it successfully, on a comprehensive scale, is almost sure to amass a fortune. Several of the followers of Columbus spent years in searching for the fountain of Eternal Youth, which superstition assigned to some portion of this hemisphere, and the ladies of Castile and Aragon—especially the old duennas—subscribed, it is said, most liberally toward the exploring expeditions that went forth on that rational errand. All hope of discovering a natural source of rejuvenescence has long since been given up, but of artificial succedaneums the name is legion. The lily and the rose are for sale at every drug store, and a private interview of ten minutes with a fashionable hair-dresser will enable "any lady with hair of an obnoxious color" (*vide* the barbers' advertisements) to flaunt ringlets of a bloomy black defiantly in the face of Time. The operation must be repeated every five or six weeks, however, and costs ten dollars. But what of that! Vanity is liberal to itself. The poor shall want bread, ere Vanity shall lack its "aids to beauty." Thus it happens that while those who labor to benefit the mind are but too often poorly rewarded, your toilet-tinkers, inventors of liquid blooms, floral lotions, hair dyes, depilatories, pomades, and the et ceteras with which fools vainly endeavor to counterfeit the charms which nature has denied, or age obliterated, often accumulate great wealth. The carriages of such men roll along Broadway daily, and the fashionable world is indebted to them for the "make up" of innumerable individuals of both sexes, who, if natural beauty resembled the wax-work images in hair-dressers' windows might pass muster, but who, as it is, are looked upon with ineffable contempt by *real* men and women.

OUR DEFENCELESS HARBORS.

Europe is studded with fortresses. Every nation on that continent sleeps with its doors locked, bolted, barred and watched. Happier America has hitherto gone to bed without taking the trouble to shut the front door. But this, it seems, is to be no longer the case. We, too, must fortify, entrench, barricade and guard.

If this work is to be done thoroughly, the mason's trade will be exceedingly prosperous for the next ten years. On Lake Superior a dozen valuable ports and towns lie exposed to attack, without a gun to defend themselves with, unless it be an occasional six-pounder for fourth-of-July salutes. There are two abandoned wooden forts in that region, neither of which could stand ten minutes' fire. On the lower lakes are Milwaukie, Chicago, Mackinaw, Detroit, Sandusky, Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo, Rochester, Oswego, and a score of other places, nearly all of which are destitute of any kind of fortification. On the Pacific we have several important ports, but not one which is adequately defended. The cities on the Atlantic make a little better show of defence. Engineers, however, tell us, and our own eyesight confirms the opinion that we have not one harbor from which, to-day, a hostile fleet of steamers could be kept out.

Indeed, it is not easy to defend the mouth of a harbor or river. Gen. Washington thought he had sealed up tight the mouth of the Hudson in 1776. But lo! one fine morning a British sloop of war ran past his batteries with only one shot in her hull, and threw the city into a paroxysm of terror. The rebels thought they had blockaded the Potomac. Have they? Ask the captain of the Pensacola. Upon the whole, we must confess that we have before us a nice job of fortifying.

WHAT IS IN A NAME?

A great deal sometimes. There was once a man in England who was taken into a flourishing partnership merely for the benefit of his name, which was "Goodluck." To be sure, the business was a lottery business, so after all it was a doubtful advantage, all things considered. But seriously, we have often thought it worth while for parents to spend a little more time in selecting the cognomens of their offspring. Thaddeus Nobbs, or Jefferson Stubbs, is open certainly to improvement; though it still remains true that even the ugliest name may be rendered tolerable by pleasant associations. For instance, one of the loveliest women we ever saw was named "Deborah," and our readers, no doubt, can remember similar examples.

BORODINO.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

On the 9th of May, 1812, Napoleon left Paris to join his grand army for the invasion of Russia, which was rendezvoused at Dresden, in Saxony, about six hundred miles from Paris. He remained in Dresden a fortnight, preparing for the immense campaign before him. In the following words he gave utterance, at that time, to his peculiar ideas of destiny:

"I feel myself impelled towards a goal of which I am ignorant. The moment I have reached it, as soon as I am no longer of service, an atom will then suffice to put me down. But till then all human effort will avail nothing against me. Whether I am in Paris or with the army is, therefore, quite indifferent. When my hour comes, a fever, or a fall from my horse in hunting, will kill me as effectually as a bullet. Our days are numbered."

On the 12th of June the army reached the Niemen, seven hundred miles beyond Dresden. The enormous host consisted of nearly half a million of men, including eighty thousand cavalry, thirteen hundred and sixty-two pieces of artillery, twenty thousand wagons, and one hundred and eighty-seven thousand horses. It was midsummer, and the weather was superb. A delay of three days was allowed at the river for rest, and for the stragglers to come up. In three great divisions the army crossed the stream, at points nearly one hundred miles distant from each other, with orders to concentrate at Wilna, about one hundred miles beyond.

On the 28th of June Napoleon made a triumphal entry into this capitol of the Polish provinces of Russia. The Poles, hoping that he would prove their deliverer, received him in almost a delirium of joy. There was a delay of eighteen days in Wilna, in collecting supplies, and in preparing for a march six hundred miles further into the heart of one of the most powerful empires upon the globe. Alexander was concentrating his army in fortifications which he deemed impregnable on the northern banks of the Dwina, about two hundred and fifty miles beyond Wilna. Ten thousand horses had already perished, and twenty-five thousand sick encumbered the hospitals. Almost at the same hour the various divisions of the army of Napoleon, traversing different roads, appeared on the banks of the Dwina, near Witepsk. The Russians, alarmed at the formidable array, as it came pouring down over the hills, retreated in the night. Napoleon was now nearly five hundred miles beyond the Niemen, and as yet he had met no foe.

The Russians, as they retired, destroyed all the provisions and forage on their line of march. Again Napoleon pressed forward one hundred miles to Smolensk, where he arrived on the 16th of August. Around the walls of this strongly fortified town a terrific fight for one day ensued. In the night the Russians again commenced their retreat, having set fire to the town in all quarters, so that before morning it was in ashes.

"The spectacle," said Napoleon, "resembled that offered to the inhabitants of Naples by an eruption of Vesuvius."

From Smolensk to Moscow there was still required a weary march of five hundred miles. On the 28th of August Napoleon resumed the pursuit, occasionally engaging the foe in short and fierce skirmishes, until the evening of the 4th of September, when he met one hundred and seventy thousand Russians strongly entrenched, with five hundred cannon in battery, on the banks of the Moskwa, near the village of Borodino. They were now within a few miles of [illegible] had so scattered his army in [illegible], upon his long line of March, that he had but one hundred and twenty thousand to lead against the ramparts of the foe.

The night which ensued was cold and dark, and a drizzling rain drenched the weary army. Couriers from France arrived with heavy tidings respecting affairs in Spain. The result of the battle to ensue was doubtful, and an unusual gloom overshadowed the spirit of Napoleon. In the evening a messenger arrived bringing a letter from Maria Louisa, and a portrait of his idolized son. The Emperor placed the picture on a chair, at the door of his tent, and invited the officers and soldiers near to see it. Groups of war-worn veterans gathered around to gaze upon the picture. At length the Emperor said sadly, "Take it away. He sees a field of battle too soon."

He retired for an hour to his bed, but not to sleep. An aid, who had occasion to speak to him, found him sitting on his bed, with his face buried in his hands.

"What is war," said he, sadly. "It is a trade of barbarians. The great art consists in being strongest on a given point. A great day is at hand. The battle will be a terrible one. I shall lose twenty thousand men."

With the first dawn of light preparations were made for the battle. The sun rose without a cloud. "Behold," said Napoleon, smiling, "the sun of Austerlitz."

Napoleon, surrounded by a few of his staff, stood upon an eminence, contemplating the field, where the vast Russian army was entrenched, when a battery was opened upon him, and several balls whistled through the group. The onset immediately commenced, and a terrific peal as of thunder burst over the plain. Three hundred thousand men, with all the most formidable enginery of war, fell upon each other. From five in the morning until the middle of the afternoon the storm of battle raged. The steed of Davoust was literally torn to pieces beneath him by a cannon-ball, and yet the Marshal rose from the dust unharmed. "God be praised," exclaimed Napoleon, with fervor. General Rapp received four wounds, and was struck on the hip by a ball which hurled him from his horse. He was carried bleeding from the field. Napoleon galloped to the litter where the wounded general lay, and taking him affectionately by the hand, said, "Is it always, then, your turn to be wounded?" This was his twenty second wound.

Count Augustus Caulaincourt waited at the side of the emperor. Next to his throbbing heart was the miniature of his young and beautiful bride, whom he had left but a few days after their marriage. He was ordered to attack a redoubt. He put spurs to his horse, saying, "I will be at the redoubt immediately, dead or alive." He was the first to mount the parapet. A musket ball struck him and he fell dead. Thus all the day long tidings of victory and death reached the ears of the emperor. Silent and sad Napoleon watched the fluctuations of the field, and guided the tremendous energies of battle. The imperial guard of 20,000 men he held in reserve. Berthier, at a moment when the army seemed very hard pressed, urged that they should be sent forward.

"No," said Napoleon, calmly; "the battle can be won without them. And what if there should be another battle to-morrow?"

Again, when the result seemed trembling in the balance, he was urged to bring up the indomitable guard. Napoleon quietly replied, "The hour of this battle is not yet come. It will begin in two hours more."

Gradually the concentrating lines of battle had met in and around the great central Russian Redoubt. More than one hundred thousand men here fought, enveloped in clouds of smoke. Napoleon gazed calmly upon that terrible volcano of lightnings and thunderings, where his troops were struggling with energies almost superhuman. The terrible contest was soon ended, and the banners of France floated proudly over the gory bastions.

The evening of victory was not one of exultation. Forty-three French generals had been either killed or wounded. Thirty thousand French soldiers had been struck down by the shot or sabres of the enemy. These were dreadful tidings to be conveyed to France. Fifty thousand Russian soldiers were also strown over the field, weltering in blood. The Russians slowly retreated towards Moscow, followed by their victorious yet not exultant foes.

ALL WRONG.

Patience and confidence, long suffering and sacrifice, would render our success certain. But our people lack these elements, and the Government must incur the risk of a battle, or break down financially for lack of support from the people. I think the Government comprehend this, and as soon as possible will gratify the public demand for a great battle.—*Exchange.*

What mistakes are these! If "our people" have not shown themselves possessed of patience, confidence, and the spirit of self-sacrifice, what people have ever exhibited those traits of character? It is the government that seems to lack patience and confidence. If the people are puzzled or dismayed at the apparent inaction of the army, the government has but to issue some kind of official assurance that the delay is necessary or best, and the clamor at once subsides. No, no; the people are willing to wait, though it costs them *millions an hour* to do so. If recent movements end in disaster, let not the blame be laid at the door of the most patient, the most confiding, and the most self-sacrificing people in the world. The voice of the people is this: Take your time, Mr. President. Spend all we've got. Only give us, at last, a restored country!

EXTRAS—ABOLISH THEM.

It is scarcely credible, yet it is a fact that each member of Congress costs the country three thousand dollars a year, *besides* his salary and mileage. Every senator, it seems, uses, or pretends to use, nearly two hundred dollars' worth of stationery in one session. Other things, in proportion, swelling the annual cost of a senator, including salary and mileage, to seven thousand dollars a year. This will never do in such times as these. We firmly believe in the policy of paying the public servants liberally, but NO EXTRAS! It is the extras that run away with the money, and open to corruption not one door only, but a thousand. All the public stealing is done under cover of extras. We go, therefore, for the total abolition of extras of all kinds, in all departments. Pay a senator so much, and let him buy his own penknives, newspapers and postage stamps.

—Our highly esteemed friend, Commodore Vanderbilt, is, as nearly everybody knows, fond of, and drives a good pair of horses. The Commodore is also fond of a good joke:

"———— a humorous patrician
Rough as a storm, but humorous as the wind."

—indeed, he is one of the finest humorists in the country; but his humor is of such a quiet, subtle character that even his most intimate friends are sometimes in doubt whether he is indulging in playful fancy or hallucination, or giving utterance to solemn truths. It is probably owing to this jocular and happy trait not being generally understood that a certain degree of doubt exists in regard to the reputed swiftness of his horses. One of the Commodore's particular friends (Mr. Turnbull) tells a characteristic story of him. It runs in this wise: Mr. Turnbull and Mr. Baker (two gentlemen well known on our suburban drives) recently matched their horses for a contest of speed on the road. The Commodore was present. He had his brother, whom he familiarly terms Jake, along with him. Some time after the trot, as Mr. Turnbull good-naturedly tells the story, the Commodore met him and remarked to him, "Turnbull, your horse and Baker's didn't trot any that day—they couldn't go fast enough to get out of my way, and I had Jake in the wagon with me." Mr. Turnbull quickly responded: "Why, Commodore, *your brother Jake just told me that you tried your d—dest to keep up with them, but you couldn't do it.*" This created quite a hearty laugh at the Commodore's expense, and some people, who were not aware of his playful genius, were disposed to think that he always exaggerates the speed of his horses; but the Commodore's reply to Turnbull enlightened them: "Oh," said he, "you know that Jake don't know anything about horses!"

—We copy the following paragraph from the *Independent*:

MISTAKE OR COMPLIMENT.—No weekly paper has attained to such a circulation as the NEW YORK LEDGER, and few papers take so much pains to deserve it. In the sphere which it has chosen for itself, it is without a rival. The utmost pains are taken to keep from its columns anything that shall be injurious to the family. Yet, even the LEDGER mistakes sometimes. In one of the latest numbers, a contributor who purports to "keep his eyes and ears open," speaks of the *Independent* as an agricultural journal, and one of the best in the United States! Evidently this writer, having eyes, sees not. Mr. Bonner should look to his correspondents.

We can assure our friend, the editor of the Independent, that *we* do "look to our correspondents," and the fact which he states, that "the utmost pains are taken to keep from our columns anything that shall be injurious to the family," is the best evidence that we can offer of the fact.

—In reply to a correspondent, who writes us a long letter from Hartford, we would state that we have had nothing whatever to do with the threatened disruption in Mr. Childs's church of that city. In fact, we were not aware that that rash and inexperienced young clergyman had any difficulty with his people until we received our correspondent's letter. It is true that when Mr. Childs was a candidate for the Moderator's chair of the Synod which recently met at Brooklyn, some of our personal friends voted against him, and he was defeated; but surely we are not to blame for that defeat any more than we are for the schism in his church.

—The *Sun* newspaper has greatly improved since the beginning of the new year, when Mr. Beach, its former proprietor, resumed the management of it. One or two of the parties, who have been connected with it for a year or two past, have been obliged to leave it, on account of their incompetency to manage such an enterprise.

—Anthony Watt, the Postmaster of Harrisburg, Ind., in sending us a list of subscribers, accompanies it with the following note:

The first subscriber on this list, Willie Bates, came to me with one hundred coppers and two quarters, and said he wanted to subscribe for the LEDGER. He had saved the money, copper by copper, through the year, for that purpose. He is only nine years old, and likes to read so well that he cannot do without the LEDGER.

THE FUTURE.—It has been beautifully said, that "the veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy."

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.—No. 103.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

The difference between 7 and 8 is not very great; only a single unit. And yet that difference has power over a man's whole temper, convenience, and dignity. Thus, at Buffalo, my boots were set out at night to be blacked. In the morning no boots were there, though all the neighboring rooms had been served. I rang. I rang twice. "A pretty hotel—nearly eight o'clock, going out at nine, breakfast to be eaten, and no boots yet." The waiter came, took my somewhat emphatic order, and left. Every minute was an hour. It always is when you are out of temper. A man in his stocking feet, in the third story of a hotel, finds himself restricted in locomotion. I went to the door, looked up and down the hall, saw frowsy chambermaids; saw, afar off, the master of the coal-scuttle; saw gentlemen walking in bright boots, unconscious of the privileges which they enjoyed, but did not see any one coming with *my* boots. A German servant at length came, round and ruddy-faced, very kind and good-natured, honest and stupid. He informed me that a gentleman had already taken boots No. 78, (my number.) He would hunt him up; thought he was breakfasting. Here was new vexation. Who was the man that had taken my number and gone for my boots? Somebody had them on, warm and nice, and was enjoying his coffee, while I walked up and down, with less and less patience, who had none too much at first. No servant returned. I rang again, and sent energetic and staccato messages to the office. Some water had been spilled on the floor. I stepped in it, of course. In winter cold water feels as if it burned you. Unpacked my valise for new stockings. Time was speeding. It was quarter past eight; train at nine, no boots and no breakfast. I slipped on a pair of sandal-rubbers, too large by inches for my naked foot, and while I shuffled along the hall, they played up and down on my feet. First, one shot off; that secured, the other dropped on the stairs; people that I met looked as if they thought that I was not well over a last night's spree. It was very annoying. Reached the office, and expressed my mind. First the clerk rang the bell three times furiously, then ran forth himself, met the German boots, who had boots 79 in hand, narrow and long, thinking perhaps I could wear *them*. Who knows but 79 had my boots? Some curiosity was beginning to be felt among bystanders. It was likely that I should have half the hotel inquiring after my boots. I abhor a scene. Retreated to my room. On the way thought I would look at room 77's boots. Behold, they were mine! There was the broken pull-straps; the patch on the right side, and the very shape of my toe—infallible signs! The fellow had marked them 77 and not 78. And all this hour's tumult arose from just the difference between 7 and 8.

I lost my boots, lost the train, lost my temper, and, of course, lost my good manners. Everybody does that loses temper. But, boots once on, breakfast served, a cup of coffee brought peace and good will. The whole matter took a ludicrous aspect. I moralized upon that infirmity that puts a man's peace at the mercy of a Dutchman's chalk. Had he written seventy-eight, I had been a good-natured man, looking at Niagara Falls in its winter dress. He wrote seventy-seven, and I fumed, saw only my own falls, and spent the day in Buffalo!

Are not most of the [illegible] and rubs of life as undignified as this? Few men could [illegible] to-morrow, to review the things that vexed them yesterday. We boast of being free, yet every man permits the most arrant trifles to rule and ride him. A man that is vexed and angry turns the worst part of himself out to sight, and exhibits himself to the pity or contempt of spectators. Who would put on a buffoon's coat and fool's cap and walk forth to be jeered? And yet one's temper does worse by him than that. And men submit to it, not once, but often, and sometimes every day! I wonder whether these sage reflections will make me patient and quiet the next time my boots are misplaced?

SACERDOTAL SIGN POSTS.

It may strike *you* pleasantly, but when I am about to enter a church, the conspicuous intelligence upon its outside walls, that the "undertaker may be found at such a street," is anything but a pleasant announcement. Now not being myself a theologian of that school which compels a smiling countenance to be left at the *porch* of the "meetin'-house," I can, therefore, by no means endorse any gloomy surroundings, outside or inside.

One of the principal articles of *my* creed is, that Sunday should be the pleasantest day of all the week. When I open my eyes to its dawn, I always rejoice, if instead of a gray, cloudy sky, it be a lovely blue, and the sun be shining brightly; I think upon the thousands to whom this day is the only leisure-day of all the seven; the thousands who, without this blessed rest, would scarcely have time to look upon the faces of wife or children; scarcely time to receive the regenerating caresses of little twining arms, or hear the recital of little griefs and joys which it is so blessed to share with one who never wearies in the hearing, and to whose fatherly ear nothing a little child can say is "trifling." It is blessed to me to think of the thousand humble homes where the Sabbath sun shines upon just such a scene as this; preaching *through the family* this simple gospel: that the humblest have those for whom they must strive to leave the legacy of a good and honest name. Now when a working man, with his heart full of love and happiness, walks forth on a Sunday morning, do you think it wise when he approaches a church to shake a coffin in his face? Had I my way, I would tear these undertaker-placards all down to-morrow, and instead, I would write this, "Strangers furnished with free seats here every Sunday." Were I a clergyman, an undertaker should no more use my church walls to advertise his business, than the upholsterer who furnished the pew cushions, or the bookseller who provided the hymn books, or the man who found the gas-fixtures. Ah! but you say it is very convenient to know where the sexton lives. Very well, so it is; but let him advertise in the papers, as other people do, who have no convenient church walls to save their advertising fees. The truth is, that the whole undertaker business, as at present managed, is monstrously mis-managed. The other day, in one of our streets, I saw an oyster shop with heaps of bivalves curiously arranged in the window, over which was written: "*Live and let live.*" Next door, being an undertaker, he had piled ostentatiously *his* wares, consisting of heaps of "fancy coffins," in his show-window. If he had only copied his bivalve-neighbor, so far as to write over the window, *Die and let die*, the farce would have been complete.

FANNY FERN.

SMOKING.—Smoking, to persons who have a tendency to pulmonary disease, is highly dangerous; but where the lungs are healthy, enjoyed in moderation, it does no harm to the general health. To persons of a lymphatic temperament, it is even useful.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE RAINBOWS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Sent the thunder-bolts are rolling!
Hid the lurid clouds scowl so rolling!
Hush the tempest's mighty voice,
Over mountain, over valley,
And beneath the earthquakes heaving,
Are the mortal valleys clearing:
O the terror and the woe!

See the multitudes are kneeling,
With their backs to Heaven appealing;
Chime does the horror now
With a stern, unyielding hymn;
While beneath the earthquakes heaving,
Are the crowded valleys clearing:
O the terror and the woe!

III.

Who have shook the bells of thunder?
Who have rent the vain sanctum?
Who have placed unholy hand
On the great ark of the land?
Traitors! demons! mad for power,
We have brought this awful hour,
All this terror, all this woe!

IV.

But the bells shall soon cease tolling;
Into the blank clouds sound no sailing;
Gender shall the Nation stand
For the tempest in the Lamb-
Rainbows, over mount and steeple,
Smiling in a pure, vast people
Still stricken peace and joy!

V.

Amen!

THE BAY QUEEN.

A REVOLUTIONARY STORY OF SHIP AND SHORE.

BY ELIZABETH CODY, JR.

CHAPTER IV.

SHERLOCK SHOWS HIS HAND.

The gentle motion of the vessel, so natural to Wallace Macdonald's habits of life, soon induced a state of repose, and when he awoke it was broad daylight. He started up and gazed about him, and when he had rubbed his eyes, and collected his scattered senses, he realized that it was no dream which had oppressed him. As he sat upon the edge of the cot, and remembered that he was a prisoner, his regrets were that he might thus be rendered unable to take command of the Bay Queen, as he had planned. Of danger to himself, further than being restrained of the liberty, he had not yet thought. While thus busy with his reflections he felt the motion of the vessel change—there was a rattling of blocks, and a swaying of cordage—she hove to or anchor was let go. Then he heard the order given for furling sails, and he knew that the anchor had been reached.

Half an hour afterwards the door of the stateroom was opened, and Christopher Sherlock made his appearance. He was very politely to be entered, and there was a smile upon his face when he spoke.

"Good morning, Captain Macdonald."

Our hero looked into the face of the visitor, but made no reply. He was not prepared to suspend to the last man who, he believed, had caused his arrest. He could not speak pleasantly, and he had no wish, at this stage of such otherwise.

"You feel yourself in rather unexpected quarters," resumed Sherlock, moving his huge person forward to a chair.

"I do not think much unexpectedly occurs," said Wallace, with a quick clenching of his hands.

"I don't know about that, my dear friend," responded the other, shaking his head, and smiling a cold smile. "I don't think you have been arrested without cause."

"Cause given to whom?"

"Cause in a very important subject of King George. Ah, my dear captain, you ought to have listened to your friend with the fierce black—your brother-in-law—your Abraham Mahlebeche. He was wiser than you. If you had followed his advice you would not have been here, so you must blame your own selfishness."

"Don! you played the eavesdropper last night, then?" cried Wallace, with a look of scorn.

"I had that pleasure," replied Sherlock, with another smile. "You, my dear Captain, I was chilled beyond measure. I heard you defy Elkanay's opinion of her mother-in-law; and I heard her make a few feeble remarks touching my humble self. And, furthermore, I listened to some orders which you were giving to your first mate. Then they were very refreshing; I assure you; and I appreciated them the more highly because I knew that they were spoken with all the artless sincerity of the unsuspecting youth."

"You were in an honorable business, truly," said Wallace, with a bitter sneer.

"Just as you please," added Sherlock, with a bow. "But to tell you the truth, I never stop to think of the honor of the thing at the time. However, I am willing to defer to your judgment."

"You are a villain, and a scoundrel!" cried Wallace, clenching his hands with rage. "Can you take that as coolly?"

"Ah, my dear young friend, the passion of youth leads you to unseemly expressions. Upon my word, I don't believe you mean what you say."

"I do, instead! So our last a-meeting has come! We have been crawling around between decency and listening to the pet vices of their neighbors!"

"Pet, my Wallace, is your blood is hot. You don't stop to reflect. You are too much given to credit the man who is your enemy, and down from her home, in the saddle, with the pleasure and waiting for to enlighten against her natural guardians—that the man is a meddling, provoking, idiotic, a blustering, and a blockhead, were to break up families, and to lead to the overthrow of law—he, I grant you, may be very honorable—exceedingly honorable, sir!"

Wallace Macdonald was not equal to the kind of remarks Christopher Sherlock was making. He could not curb his youthful passion, and his outbursts rebounded from good nature as a ball of rubber might rebound from an air-bag.

"Christopher Sherlock," he said, after he had somewhat recovered himself, "and you have never wronged me, I am sure you would not."

"With only this addition," returned Sherlock "I know you—know you very well."

"And I suppose that you have caused my arrest?"

"I have."

"May I ask for what?"

"I will very easy; and I shall be more frank than you would expect. First,—you are an enemy to King George, and, at this time of your arrest, engaged in driving out an expedition against the colonies of the royal government. Is this not so?"

"I am not accountable for what I believe."

"O, no. I don't expect you to commit yourself. However you have said enough to know that you were engaged in fitting out an armed expedition against the king, and I caused your arrest. That is the public reason for the step; but there was then to be found a private reason, a personal reason, which was of more importance to me than all the crowns of all the kings of earth. Had you not been hyred to stand between me and my affianced bride, I might not have troubled myself about you. In fact, had I not been watching to protect myself, I should never have known of the treasonable work in which you were engaged. As you will observe that I do not claim any great virtue in delivering you up."

"Where am I now?"

"On board His Majesty's transport *Dunbar*."

"And where lies she—at her anchor?"

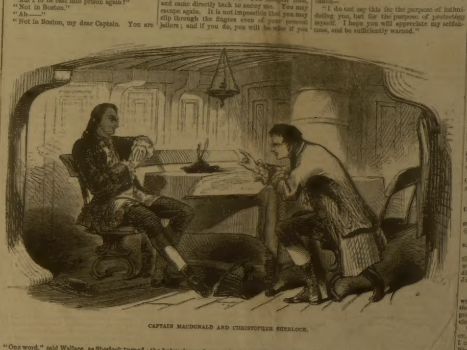
"Outside of Boston harbor."

"Am I to be cast into prison again?"

"Not in Boston, my dear Captain. You are going to England, where you will be dealt with as it may please those to authority. This is my plan. And now," Sherlock continued, folding his arms over his huge breast, "I have a word of caution to give you; and it was to give this that I sought this interview. I should betray a childish weakness did I think to deserve you touching my feelings towards you, or touching my part in your present misfortune. I am responsible for you present arrest; and in your unexpected your former arrest. You escaped then, and came directly back to America. You must not do so again. It is not impossible that you may slip through the fingers even of your present jailors; and if you do, you will be wise if you keep away from Salem. And this is my warning. If I find you in Salem again, you shall die! I am not threatening you idly. I mean it, and have the power to execute what I plan. And, furthermore, no qualms of conscience will prevent me from doing the work, for I would take the life of a man who tried to rob me of my love as surely and as lightly as I would crush the reptile that stung me."

"I am not afraid of you, contemptible villain!" cried Wallace.

"I do not say this for the purpose of intimidating you, but for the purpose of protecting myself. I hope you will appreciate my action, and be sufficiently warned."



CAPTAIN MACDONALD AND CHRISTOPHER SHERLOCK.

"I let it fall, sir."

"Rather be a villain! How could you let a thing fall so far off as this?"

"I don't know, sir," replied Yancey, with impudent assurance. "All I know is, I let it fall."

At this heartless Captain Greenleaf seemed up and demanded to know what was the matter. The mate explained to him, what had happened.

"Damage, I suppose," said Greenleaf, with a sneer, "there's been no damage done."

"Damage," cried Macdonald. "It is no damage for men's lives to be endangered thus!"

"Whose life has been endangered?"

"Mine has."

"Aye," added the mate, "the block struck so near that it grazed his arm; and you can charge the owners what the damage would have been had it struck his head. And, furthermore, sir, if you will just cast your eyes aloft, and then mark where the block struck, you will find that it could not have been more accidental. The block was thrown, sir—thrown outboard."

Mr. Etheridge, when I ask your opinion you may give 'em, but I don't want that now. Go and take care of your watch, sir!"

This was spoken in an authoritative tone, and the mate went away without further remark. He muttered to himself, however, as he went forward, in order that Wallace might hear:

"Yarney, you're a cursed dog," the captain growled, after his officer had gone. "You'll be dismissed, mind you, if you don't mend. Now cover out, and behave yourself."

The fellow walked away very leisurely, and Greenleaf then turned to our hero, coolly remarking:

"I see my position, sir!"

"Just," said Wallace, with some emphasis, "is this all the notice you take of such a thing?"

"Sir," replied the Englishman, with a sneer, "I think the thing has had notice enough."

"Sir," pursued our hero, "there is no safety on board your vessel."

"Then keep off the deck. If ye step further, you'll be shot. I'll not have my men put to risk with blocks. When I gave you free run, I didn't expect to have you run me down

breakfast, and the captain met him with a smile, and gave him a very cheerful salutation. This was something so unusual that the prisoner might have wondered at it, but he not possessed a key to its meaning. After the meal was finished, and the table had been cleared off, Capt. Goodman asked the steward to get him a bolt for the door of the binnacle.

The steward had no such thing.

"There must be one in the brig somewhere," said the captain.

None but such as were in use, was the reply of the steward.

"But I must have one, if I have to take it from some other place," Goodman thought a minute, and then turned to Macdonald.

"Let's see—there's a bolt upon the inside of your door?"

"I think there is," replied Wallace.

"Well—if you don't particularly need it, I should like it. I have it's or no use to you."

"None at all," said the prisoner. "If you don't choose to keep a lock upon the outside, I'm sure I don't deem one upon the inside."

"Then I guess I'll take it," pursued the captain. "It's just what I want, and it's about the only one of the kind there is aboard."

So the bolt was taken off; but Wallace did not believe that it would be put to any further use. He saw the carpenter bring it to the cabin, but he did not see it put upon the binnacle door.

How very plain was all this to Wallace Macdonald. With this bolt he could use his own arms—if fastening the door of his state-room upon its inside, and the assailant could enter when they pleased. And now what was to be done? Nothing was certain, but he must keep his eyes constant. Mr. Burridge would be powerless to help him, even had he the will to do anything so to do. What he did he must do himself, and upon his own responsibility. He understood the plan, and he knew by his mind upon it. He should oppose it to the utter of his power. Thanks and Varney were to kill him—he who was making the murder of his friend—with his knowledge and the murder of himself. He could do what he knew the body would be found without manufacture of any kind. If, during the manner of the prisoner, he should have in all probability to be by shuddering and struggling. The effects would be that they could find their deaths asleep, they could easily suspect him without cause.

Our hero's first thought, after the thing had been resolved in his mind, was to prepare means of defence. He had none of his own, and he must find one. Towards the middle of the afternoon he found an opportunity to be in the cabin alone, and he hesitated a second with all of the knife. The captain's state-room was locked, and in the rooms of the other officers there was no weapons save one or two heavy muskets. There were probably arms at hand, but they were under lock and key. At length, in the room of the steward, he found a carving-knife against the sheathing at the head of the cot. It was a short, stout weapon, with a keen, sharp point. He took hold of the hilt, as he could have carried it in his hand, and when he had done so he felt himself more secure. He could not have done so unless he had known that he had the knife. He was then left for nothing of the kind, and so much as by a chance, but his thinking was not to be discovered.

After supper, Wallace went on deck, and remained there until all the crew had turned in and been followed. He waited long enough to be sure to ascertain that the officers was not likely to be missed, and then he retired to his own state-room.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SAND-BANK.

Macdonald did not remove his clothing when he retired. He dimply threw off his jacket, and then lay down upon the cot, drawing a single blanket over his shoulders. He had thought some of turning his head burning, but a that might excite suspicion he concluded to extinguish. The lamp was placed clearly in his side, where he could reach it at a moment's notice, and the clothing of the cot was arranged that there could be no danger of his movements being hampered by it. His position in the berth was favorable for defence, for as he lay with his face turned outward, he was upon his left side, with his right arm free. Thus he lay for an hour or more, but he found disturbed his ears and the tramp of the watch overhead, and the occasional flapping of the sails. The wind seemed to become rather tiresome, and the prisoner's anticipation of a heavy tendency to raise the consolence, not that he was certain fatigued or suffered for long watching, but he was certain that he was not educated to excite a watchful circumstance. He believed that there was no necessity for the calm, he finally got out from his bunk and walked lightly up and down the narrow room.

Heaven rocked—half-past eleven—and no approach of the assassins. They would not be likely to come now until after the mid-watch had been set, and once more he crept into his bunk. He dozed a little, but not enough to feel that the hour could not yet be midnight. Midnight finally came, and the watch was changed. He heard the first mate come down to the cabin when he came down. The captain had opened his door, and all was still. Then the watch was set.

"Still fair and calm," was the reply of the Ethridge. "There isn't breeze enough to fill the sails."

"Does she keep her course?"

"No, sir. She's whiffling all sorts of ways. We haven't had a fair steerage-way on her for the last four-and-twenty hours."

The captain swore some, and directly expressed the wish that the dam breeze would fill this clown foot and bothered tail, but the wind, probably thinking that filling sails involved but the dispose of affairs, he might legally claim an accommodation. However, the captain seemed to roll lazily upon the sea, and the sails flapped as before; and Capt. Goodman closed his door and turned in again.

Another half hour passed, and once more our hero prepared himself for the coming of the assassins. He opened his bolt hook, and left it so, and, as of filling fast, in the cabin. Presently he heard one open the door of the door, and the latch lifted from its place. Wallace knew that the crisis was going on, but he could not hear distinctly. He knew that the door was very close, and that one must have entered the room by motion, but breathed slowly and deeply, as though the sense were locked in profound slumber. There were a few moments of silence, and then the voice of Capt. Goodman came to his ears—the voice of John Thomas. He heard that the voice was muffled that their victim was asleep, and that the knife of eight strokes was to be made, as though a small lantern had been brought and the boy could see. He heard the door of the room, and his right hand was ready for the knife, and he was ready for the meeting. He might be the coward, but he would not be taken prisoner by the assassins. He would die—so expected—to escape like—as I hadn't no scruple. He'd been a lucky' there has a tiger, just a thirstin' for blood.—O!—It's all up with me! Where's that rum? Give me some—quick!"

The man was very much, and he then lay back upon a coil of rigging, where he groaned and moaned. The watch was aroused, but could not be helped. He died before morning, and with his dying breath he called upon his shipmates to see that he was avenged. When the sun was up the two dead bodies were buried in the sea, and the only funeral service was an oath, from the captain, that that was not to be the last burial.

When the bodies had been left aboard, and the men had gone up from the cabin, he began to think that the danger was not yet passed, but he did not consider it necessary to conjure up how possibilities—as to the crew, and finally settled down with the head resume upon the edge of his mattress. When he awoke it was daylight, and while he was dressing the steward came and opened upon the deck which attracted his attention. It was not a shifting sound, but one that was something peculiar to it; and pretty soon he heard another. He looked out and saw a pinch in the water—another pinch; almost it was a pinch. The sails did from a pinch, and told that there had been a burial service. A pinch of the prisoner's heart, and he sank down beside it. He did not slumber because of the fatigue and excitement of the night, but he reduced upon his soul a prophecy of evil.

Another day passed, and another. As the sun came up the brig grew more steady in her motion, and the prisoner felt the belief that the voice of the captain was heard ordering the men to get up the anchor—preparatory to going inshore.

At noon after this the door of his state-room was opened, and two of the crew of the brig were ordered to take him on deck. He was pinioned, and their glances upon the prisoner were not pleasant to behold.

"Come," said one of them, in a rough, as the voice of a man who was not used to speak.

"Aye," added the other, looking as though he would strike him upon the instant. "You want your talk—so come along."

Wallace knew that remonstrance to be indignant at this sort of insolence, but a second thought made him did so. He knew that a struggle then would only yield him greater indignity, and he kept his self-possession.

"Come—are ye going to hurry up?"

"Be quiet, men—all right," said he, and he made more leave if the lashing were removed from his arms.

The fellows hesitated a moment. This was a point upon which they had not been instructed, but they finally concluded that it would be safe to comply with the request. They knew that Macdonald then fastened them on deck, where they could be watched, and where there was no mutineer, in the weather gangway. He knew that the prisoner was not without arms, and wished to bind, were everywhere pressed, finally, and they knew that success in such an enterprise as the best expression of my thought."

And so he did, as he usage is suppose!

Madame de Girardin, in that delightful piece, "Contes Moral the date of my regret," let her to help the poorest miserable. Ernest had thought that before; but it never had so vividly struck him, and a sorrow he had not comforted seemed upon his heart. He seemed to feel the poor Lazarus. Could I not join to it the perfume of my love?"

"Oh, I was not to be pitied then, for I was innocent. I was then struggling against passions which I knew to be evil. Vanity of the heart, to be then a proud challenge, and I looked upon the struggle as a duty. I was sure of my heart pouring with happiness, so that my will was the victorious over my love.

"That struggle lasted two months, but it was the last. I was then twenty-two years old. I had been married a month, and I can swear that I never had a thought of infidelity. But I wished to be more than faithful—I wished to be pure. I wished to be so devoted from my sight, to escape a man for my conscience. I was a child, and I was a woman. I would have bowed my head before one of those holy women who, in the days of chivalry, were called, as to speak, or before Alexander, before God, as to speak, or before myself. I was a woman.

"One evening I allowed myself to speak to the prisoner, and I was then twenty-two years old, and calmed. He listened to all I said without a word, and when I had finished he looked upon me with a look that I shall never forget. He was pale, and he whispered in a voice that I can hear now.

"'Christine, I will win you at any price.'

"I thought that I had heard my own declaration, and felt that perhaps I was leading towards the same abyss.

"He will distinguish himself at any price,' said I, to myself. 'He will become one of Sebastian Joyes, and his fall will reflect on me. I will not be the cause of his shame. I will have him love me. God will come to my assistance.'

"I was then, my dear, a woman and a child—why, nor did he answer the jokes addressed to him by the officers, but he fixed his attention on the topic of love. That eternal discussion was a torment, and I thought of it always begins. Every one expressed his opinion, every one had his system, and I, who was the cause, asked what I thought of it.

"I was very much wavered. I, here is a castle in the air or a fault, neither suits me.' I was necessary, and I was not considered either.

"I have heard,' replied a lady, 'of a magnificent cascades, related of I know not which princess, but I have never seen it. Where is it, my dear?'

"She whose mother prohibited their interviews. He had been cruelly, at a feast, where the mother placed herself between the two, and begged of Christine to be more reserved in her manners. They were speaking over the chimney, when the mother turned and of the same portraiture to entertain the young girl while he could hold a burning coal on his finger. The young man reacted to it without hesitation, and heard with a burning piece of wood in the hand of the prince, then she withdrew from them. Seeing that, notwithstanding the conversation had not a long time, she reproached the lovers, reproaching especially at a feast, where he might keep his word. For an answer, he stretched out his hand, and the fire had burned to the bone, without a complaint, without a contraction of the face, without suffering, without one of the assistants having perceived anything.

"'Oh!' exclaimed I, 'such courage does not be found in any man, and I will not be worthy of such a man.'

"'Is it serious?' asked the count.

"'I am no grandee of Spain, nothing it,' replied I. 'I shall never be the wife of any people.

"'Alas!' exclaimed he, covering the moment that do not love me.'

"'If I have my dear Flavie, I wish you to rest tranquil as to the time. I will never be the wife of any people.

"'Oh!

the count had entirely lost my trace. He wrote to me several times: his letters sought me in ten different places where I had friends whom I had forewarned. Madame la Duchess of Alaguy spoke to me of your family, which I subsequently entered: you know the rest."

"But what is the danger that threatens you?" inquired the marquis; "why do you claim my protection?"

"I met the count a few days since at the 'Favorite;' and since that meeting he has pursued, and threatens me, in case I do not consent to follow him, to visit me openly in your house, and to have me expelled like a miserable wretch. That is not all; he claims what he calls his 'right,' he wishes to introduce himself to this house, and visit my chamber by night! he wishes to oblige me to resume an odious chain, which could not be, if death were the only alternative! I have succumbed once to an inexplicable fascination and committed a grievous fault, which I have just confessed to you. That fault I have wept, and still weep. I have expiated it for three years; I have asked God's forgiveness for it, at every minute of my life; I have suffered—yes, I have suffered beyond expression, sir! I am not a lost creature, you perceive; I love, I adore virtue; honor is my pride. Except in that moment of forgetfulness, I have always been pure, and I wish to be so evermore. Therefore, Monsieur le Marquis, I beg of you, I implore you, assist me to flee, assist me to reach the end of earth—still to weep and expiate, so that this man may not find me, nor pollute me with his infamous love! Have pity on me, in the name of your daughter, whom I love as my own! save me! oh! save me!

Christine had thrown herself on her knees, and tears were dropping slowly from her eyelids. Her hair covered her almost completely; all the exalted grief of her soul was reflected in her features. She was beautiful enough to command the love of Plato himself. The marquis was gazing on her with ecstacy, his hands joined; he did not dream of raising her; he did not think of answering her—he was looking at her! The poison was filtrating drop by drop in his heart, and taking possession of his whole being; so that when Christine, frightened at his silence, repeated:

"But are you going to deliver me to that man?"

"Deliver you to that man!" exclaimed he. "Oh! I shall have his life before he approaches you! No, no; fear nothing, Mademoiselle, and especially do not think of leaving us. Nowhere could you be better sheltered from the count's enterprises than under my roof. A few lines, which I shall address him, will be sufficient to stop instantly his persecution. Your noble frankness erases from my eyes your fault, so fully expiated in the next place by what you have suffered since. I entrust anew my daughter to your care, and I am persuaded that she cannot be better confided. Go in peace; indulge no uneasiness. I answer henceforth for your tranquillity on my own head. Thanks for your confidence, and believe me, you shall never repent of it."

"Oh! it is I who thank you," replied Christine; "I ought to thank you on my knees, that I am permitted to remain near my Flavie, under your protection! Be blessed a thousand times, sir! I retire now; it is late. I return to the care of our dear angel. Oh! rest tranquil, also! I will make her's a great soul and a noble heart. Adieu, Monsieur le Marquis; I am of no importance, but my absolute devotedness is your's."

She saluted the marquis with her hand in retiring, with an enchanting grace and smile. He looked at her departing, while he murmured:

"How beautiful she is! my God! oh no! neither that man, nor any other shall possess her henceforth!"

In re-entering her apartment, Christine observed the marchioness asleep at the foot of her daughter's bed. She remained breathless on the threshold of the door.

CHAPTER XXVI.

EXPLANATIONS.

In perceiving Christine, entering as she was in the disorder of her toilet, a person less suspicious than the marchioness would have conceived no slight uneasiness. Judge then of the effect produced upon a woman so susceptible, at the aspect of that beauty, of which she had already received a glimpse, and which was now revealing itself afresh in all its splendor. She sprung towards the governess, seized her hand, and leading her before the mirror, exclaimed:

"Look at yourself, Miss, and tell me where you come from at this hour, in such disorder?"

"Madame," stuttered Christine, confounded; "I felt unwell: I come from the garden."

"From the garden, thus arrayed! That is poor propriety, it seems to me. And you leave my daughter alone, when you know yourself that she may want you. You felt very unwell then, Miss?"

And that look of pitiable jealousy was running over her from head to foot, seeking in the attitude, the gesture, and even the costume of the governess a pretext to burst forth. After the first moment of surprise had passed, and she had recovered all the force of her energy, her eyes did not lower to the ground; but strong in her innocence, in her resolution, she breasted the storm and bravely awaited the scene that was forthcoming.

Beatrix, enveloped in a mantilla, her hair pushed back in her night cap, he face animated by anger, was gradually losing all her advantages. Christine, standing in front of the looking-glass, where she could see both herself and the marchioness, could not avoid noticing it, and gained more and more confidence in herself. Although they were alone, she felt herself the most beautiful, she knew herself the stronger, and she knew she was reproachless; she had not the least fear, therefore, and mastered her situation.

"You do not answer me, Miss," replied Madame de Monza, imperiously.

"Excuse me, Madame; but I think this moment badly chosen for an explanation. You are under the empire of an unjust prejudice; you would not listen to me, or, at least, you would not listen to me impartially; if Madame la Marquise will permit, we shall resume this conversation to-morrow."

"To-morrow, Miss! I will not wait an hour, nor a minute; and to begin loyally with you, to prove to you that I expect the same frankness, I will tell you that I neither suspected nor spied you; but that, after talking with my husband, I was satisfied that I had spoken wrongly to you, and was coming hither to apologize, and ask the same amity for the future that we have enjoyed in the past. Fool that I was! I did not see what blind love could induce the Marquis de Monza to make me humiliate myself before my daughter's governess!"

"Humiliate, Madame!" repeated Christine, raising her head still higher.

"Humiliate, Miss, I repeat it; humiliate—not because I am wealthier and richer than you, but because I am worthier than you, who are stealing from me my happiness, my sole treasure—my husband."

"I shall listen to you to the end, Madame," replied Mademoiselle Orthez, mastering herself; "I will answer you afterwards."

"I have come here, my heart full of mercy, to give you my hand, and to speak of a peaceful and united future. I have found this room empty, my child abandoned. I waited a few moments, expecting you would return; but you did not. I have looked for you in all the apartments and in the garden, Miss; then—then I returned here, persuaded that you would show yourself again, sooner or later, and I was not mistaken."

"And you have not looked for me elsewhere, Madame?" asked Christine, her eye fixed on that of the marchioness.

"You are interrogating me, I believe, Miss?" answered the wife, with an almost insolent haughtiness.

"No, Madame; but before I answer you, before I explain myself seriously to you, I must know of what I am accused."

"You are not only accused, but convicted."

"You think so, Madame?"

"You have deceived me; you have sported with me."

"Madame!"

"You have abused my confidence, my kindness."

"Madame! Oh! Madame!"

"You rob me of my child's tenderness, my husband's love——"

"O! my God!"

"You shall leave my house."

"Madame!"

In repeating that word three times in succession, the voice of Christine was assuming an accent more and more heart-rending; the third time, it almost expired on her lips, and two silent tears flowed down her pallid cheeks. Beatrix was checked by that sudden silence and that grief, and taking quickly hold of Christine's hands, exclaimed, in one of those impetuous outbursts, familiar to characters of her disposition:

"But justify yourself! I do not wish to accuse you wrongfully! Indeed, I do not! After all, what care I if you should know what I have done, I do not conceal my uneasiness; alas! I should have to conceal my whole life! I knocked at my husband's door; it was locked. I have—even knocked at that of Robert; no one answered me."

"Oh! Madame!"

There was in that last utterance a reproach so genuine, so painful, so striking that it went immediately to the heart of the marchioness, in spite of herself. She doubted; but passion was killing the doubt. She wanted to know—no matter what it cost. Passion makes one cruel.

"Were you there, Miss?" resumed she, observing that Christine remained silent.

The first impulse of the latter was to tell the whole truth; but reflection detained her from doing so. She feared that by revealing her secret to a jealous soul, she might expose herself to the risk of having it soon known to every one; she shrunk from the idea of being an apprehensive dependent upon a freak of anger, and resigned herself to one of the most cruel and frequent necessities of life, dissimulation.

"No matter where I was, Madame," she replied; "I have, I can swear it, no reproach to make against myself, as far as regards you. I have committed no fault in your house, and if I must leave it, I shall leave it with upright head and tranquil heart—God is my witness."

"That is not enough, Miss; you must convince me of it, convince the world."

"The world matters little to me, Madame. I do not belong to it. As for you, if you wish to be convinced, you shall soon be so. Look at me, only look at me; is there in my physiognomy any sign that denotes a falsehood? No, Madame, no. I am above deception, above falsehood. Weak beings only have recourse to that. I swear to you before my God, on my hope of eternal salvation, that never has M. le Marquis given me any other expression than the affectionate tenderness of his daughter. I swear to you that I have never thought of him but as the father of my pupil; and I swear to you still further, Madame, that if the marquis indulged for me a frenzied love, should he offer me all the crowns of earth, I would return him only my respectful gratitude for all his kindness towards me, while in this house. This, Madame, is the truth—the whole truth, without restriction, without the reservation of a thought. You may believe me, and I could not furnish you a better proof of my respect than in justifying myself with regard to him. To any one besides yourself, I would not even have responded. I despise calumniating accusations, and do not take the trouble to refute them."

"Well," said the marchioness, half-convinced, "you could at least tell me where you were."

"That is my secret, Madame; it concerns me only. I neither can nor wish to reveal it; and I dare rely sufficiently on your impartiality to hope that I may not be required to answer the other question."

"We shall have to separate, Miss," spoke Beatrix; "the governess of my daughter must be willing and able to answer all my questions, and give an exact account of herself."

"We shall separate, Madame," replied Christine, coldly; "you are mistress."

"Very well, Miss," added Beatrix, rising and wrapping herself in her mantle; "I'll speak to-morrow to M. de Monza, and we shall arrange everything for your departure."

"At your orders, Madame la Marquise."

And making a profound bow, she accompanied Madame de Monza ceremoniously, a light in hand, to the door of her apartment, and again bowing, returned hastily back to her own room. Alone at last, she fell on her knees, and joining her hands, cried:

"Expelled! my God! expelled! because I have been honest. Oh! where, then, is the distinction between good and evil! Where is your justice? Where are the rewards and the punishments? Expelled! I—expelled!"

And that singular being, whom another position would have made so remarkable a woman, passed the remainder of the night in prayer, taking God for a confidant and friend, in default of humanity, who did not do her justice.

During that night, of which the results were to be so terrible, the marquis did not retire either. He recalled twenty times the conversation he had with Christine, and every word of it, which was indelibly engraved upon his memory. He saw again before him that beautiful woman, whose presence might almost inspire life in a marble statue; he saw her, not as before—cold, innocent, unassailable, wrapped in her chastity as in a shroud, under which were buried her charms and her youth; he saw her loving, betrayed; and that image, hidden in the recess of his heart, without his realizing it, tore its veils and took possession of his whole soul. Guided by hope, it drew from it all that was not itself—the image. In one single night that love became the unique idea of Amédie, the only aim of his existence. To win Christine, to be loved by her, to induce her to forget that man, the very remembrance of whom alone made his blood boil in his veins, became the sole motive of his happiness and ambition.

When sudden love takes possession of a weak nature, it becomes a pitiless tyrant. It is an incurable leprosy; the more suffering it occasions, the more incurable it remains.

The first idea of the young man was to rid Christine of her persecutor.

"A few lines will be sufficient for this purpose," thought he; "in knowing me to be well-informed, he will not dare to resist my request; he fears me. With one word I can ruin him!"

He seized his pen and wrote:

"I do not understand how you have dared to approach the borders of France; still less do I conceive how you respect so little my house as to pursue a person that resides therein, and threaten her as you have. I can learn nothing from you; I know all, and must tell you that henceforth your pursuit and persecutions shall be powerless. My advice is to quit speedily a country where you run so many risks, and where you may be recognized at any moment! May God be with you, and grant that I never hear of you again."

He did not sign this note, quite certain it would be recognized by the writing; and as soon as daylight came, he carried it himself to the hotel named by Christine. The answer soon arrived:

"Hallo, my pretty Marquis! So that is the way we act! What! no more respect than you evince for so near a relative! What! you steal my wife from me, and wish me to leave the Baths! Allow me not to accept your conditions. I do not yield to you the beautiful Christine; no, by heavens, no! She has not her equal in the world. Moreover, I intend to pass the rest of this season at Baden. You perceive that our accounts do not meet. However, in exchange for those two little things which I cannot possibly grant you, let me give you two short lines of advice:

"First—Renounce Mademoiselle Orthez; she is too strong for you; she will crush you; you shall never arrive but at evil with that girl. I tell you so plainly, my dear fellow, and I am a good prophet.

"Second—Do not trouble yourself about my doings here, or this is what I will do. The first time that you appear in the saloon of conversation, the *Comte de Jousselière* will approach and fling at you one of those insults that call for blood; and, without doubt, this will nevertheless be accepted from him, for the reparation would be far more disgraceful than the offence—is it not so? People will wonder at your taking it so easily; and I will narrate the reason to that crowd of visitors, that has forgotten my real name and my adventures, and before the extradition is procured, I shall have had time to escape.

"If, perchance, I should be accosted too unexpectedly, well! you know I care little for life; I should prepare myself to play my last act of the drama in the most satisfactory manner, and surround myself with my kind relations—you understand?

"We understand one another, I suppose, and I now leave you to your choice—Christine for me, or for us, for our noble house. You who are so severe, so attached to what is called honor, what do you say to this last alternative? Your affectionate cousin, FERNEY."

After having read that letter, the marquis struck his forehead.

"What shall I do, my God! what shall I do?" muttered he. "Oh! Christine must be mine!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

A MATRIMONIAL SCENE.

The marquis had but just received that letter when some one knocked at his door. Solely pre-occupied with Christine, and foolishly hoping she might have returned to learn the result of his negotiations, he opened panting, and found himself face to face with the marchioness—as moved and excited as himself.

"You here, Madame?" said he, with a striking accent of ill-humor.

"Yes, my friend," answered she, like a woman armed beforehand with a decided resolution to bear all in order to arrive at her end. "I wanted to see you about something very serious and immediate. I have thought I should find you sooner, and could speak to you longer, in your apartment than in my own. I am here. My visit neither interferes nor displeases you, I hope."

Amédie made one of those negative signs of politeness that resemble an affirmative. Madame de Monza, determined not to understand anything, took a chair and seated herself near the table. Her inquisitive eye had soon traversed the whole room.

"Ah!" said she, "you have been out early that your apartment is already in order?"

The bed was in exactly the same state as on the previous eve, which M. de Monza had not retired, and his wax candles, burned to the ends, indicated a late sitting up.

"Yes," answered Amédie, abruptly, "I went out very early; but what have you to tell me, Beatrix? I am not dressed yet, and the bell will soon ring for breakfast."

"We shall not go, my friend; I am not ready either. I do not see that Robert is better prepared than we; he was walking shortly since in the garden with Mademoiselle Orthez."

"Robert in the garden, at this hour, with Mademoiselle Orthez!" replied M. de Monza, turning pale; "that is exceedingly improper; and you did not call them in?"

Nothing escaped Beatrix. She replied, however, in the most simple and tranquil manner:

"I did not trouble myself about it. The actions of Mademoiselle Orthez are now of too little importance for my attention; she is going to leave my house soon."

"Has she asked you for her discharge?" quickly interrupted the marquis.

"Mademoiselle is not of those that ask their discharge, but of those to whom it is given," pursued Beatrix, with a bitter smile.

It was a struggle of cruelty between two beings, recently so united, in which each studied to wound the other, and to enjoy afterwards, like those tyrants of paganism, the imposed torture. At this moment the marchioness had the upper hand.

"I do not understand you, my dear," responded the marquis, trying to compose himself.

"It is quite natural that you should not, my dear; you are ignorant of what occurred last night, and it is that precisely of which I have come to apprise you."

"What! what occurred?"

"After you had left me, tormented by my real or imaginary wrongs against that young woman, and especially led by the desire of being agreeable to you, I did not wish to sleep before repairing my fault, as I had promised you. I therefore ascended to my daughter's room, of which I found the door opened and a light burning on the mantel-piece; the child was asleep and no one watching her."

"What!" said the marquis, troubled beforehand at what he was going to hear.

"Yes, my dear; can you imagine that creature so stern, so faithful to her duty, instead of remaining near her pupil, running—God knows where, after midnight?"

"After midnight, Madame! It was not later?"

"I entered Mademoiselle Orthez's room a few minutes after midnight, Amédie, and I there awaited her return until three o'clock this morning."

M. de Monza felt all his blood rush to his heart; he had not seen Christine until half past one; where had she been till then!

"Oh!" thought he, "I shall know all; I shall not be sported with!"

And affecting the most indifferent tone:

"This is grave, indeed," said he; "but no doubt you interrogated the governess. She has most likely answered you, and given an account of her time; you have found her reasons insufficient?"

"She has given me no account of anything. She carried the air of a queen, a sainted one, and, on the contrary, interrogated me. I never saw such hardihood."

"And how did it end?"

"I expressed my resolve that she must leave my house this very day, as it should be, after such behavior. And to confess my thoughts plainly, I believe it is high time to have done so, and that Robert——"

"What! Robert?"

"You have paid no attention to it, but it is spoken of with good reasons. He knew her before we heard of her; and he then fell in love with her, as he has related it to me. Since she has been with us, he has been quite attentive to her; and, though cautious and cunning, he is not always master of his feelings, and I have frequently detected looks between them. Finally, I should not be surprised if he was a party to the great mystery of last night. That would be nothing strange, if they love one another; for both are young, handsome and free. I do not make it a crime; I only ask them to love each other elsewhere."

Every word pierced like a dart the soul of Amédie; he could find no reply, and in an instant a thousand ideas were confusing his mind.

"Ah!" he said to himself, "the ungrateful! I'll not oppose her discharge!"

Then he suddenly represented to himself Christine, alone and free, between Ernest and Robert; and during his thought he fastened his watch-chain, and determined not to see anything, since he could oppose nothing to their love, to those ties of which the idea only made him shudder.

"Oh! no," cried his jealousy, "she must remain here!"

Beatrix remained silent, tracing in his features impressions which she could not explain. She waited patiently—she, ever so impatient! It was because she thought herself certain of victory, and was savoring it drop by drop. Nothing as yet disturbed its joy.

"You have acted perfectly right, my dear Beatrix," at last resumed the marquis, "and I think exactly as you do. However, I believe, unless you think otherwise, that precipitation in this case would be prejudicial. Before depriving Flavie of a governess, such as Mademoiselle Orthez—before doing a thing so uncomplimentary to the recommendation of the Dowager Duchess of Alaguy, who has represented her as so superior, we should, it seems to me, be quite sure that our suspicions are well founded. Therefore, let us examine and weigh everything carefully in the first place. Perhaps this young woman is innocent; maybe she has simply some very honest secret, which we shall hereafter discover. We must strive not to be unjust."

In her turn, Beatrix was devouring her husband's words. In her turn, she was suffering nameless doubts and sorrows; for she could see reappearing that phantom, which had been for awhile driven away, but was now pursuing her anew.

"You say, sir?" stammered she.

"I say that we must be cautious, my dear; that the future of a woman without protection is not to be thus hazarded, without almost unequivocal proof that she is guilty. Think of it! It would be an eternal reproach, which nothing could ever blot out."

For a few seconds Beatrix had not been listening to her husband; her eyes, in which her whole soul was concentrated, had been fixed on a corner of the apartment where shone in the shade a long gold pin. She suddenly rushed like a tigress upon her prey, and, shaking it triumphantly in the face of the stupefied Marquis, she added, with a smile as cutting as a dagger:

"I may now expel that girl with a secure conscience, for I see here the hair-pin which I have myself given her, while the other still held one of her plaits when she returned to her room this night. I find it in your apartment; so that she has been here. Then I am authorized to expel her, or to leave the place myself."

Amédie listened to his wife without interrupting her, or making an effort to snatch from her hand this incontestable proof. He was forming then a terrible and stern resolution, by which all the future of the poor Marchioness was to be crushed; a resolution no longer to struggle, but to tyrannize. That hitherto undecided character became, under the claw of passion, as inflexible as it was powerful.

"You are silent," continued Madame de Monza; "you are confounded. It is true that I am betrayed, and you do not even take the trouble to lie, in order to hide it from me. Oh! my God! my God! my misfortune is therefore complete; doubt is no longer allowed me——"

"You interpret my silence badly, Beatrix, and, as ever, you hasten too fast to condemn me. I hesitated to reveal to you a matter of the greatest importance; I hesitated to entrust with you what has been confided to me, under the seal of my honor; but, since it is impossible to convince you otherwise, you shall know of that secret what it is indispensable for you to know of it,—yes, Mademoiselle Orthez has been here this night."

"Ah! you own it!"

"I own it, because never was a more chaste or irreproachable visit paid to a confessor. Mademoiselle Orthez came here this night, her eyes swollen with tears, to implore my protection to save her from a serious danger that now threatens her; she came here an humble petitioner; she has related to me facts that I cannot repeat to you, and which have changed to admiration the esteem I already entertained for her. Mademoiselle Orthez is an honest and loyal woman, to whom I am proud and happy to have confided my daughter; she will make of Flavie, I trust, the woman I desire her to be. Mademoiselle Orthez shall remain near my daughter, because no one can be found to replace her, and, to be brief, because I will it."

Beatrix, as I observed in the opening chapter of this narrative, like all weak beings, like all imperfect natures, had at the same time in her disposition great cowardice and a propensity to rage. She controlled those who did not frighten her, but she yielded quietly in the presence of a decided will or a serious obstacle. Thus, in her infancy, her mother was her slave, while the President de Saint Sevre and Ernest made her obey by a word or gesture. When she saw her husband so decided to resist, she feared and struggled within herself, neither convinced nor conquered, but *routed*, to use a vulgar, though energetic expression. She felt that the fight would no longer be with equal weapons; that she should no longer be victorious before a new and vigorous sentiment—she, who brought for a shield naught but a love and a courage exhausted by grief and blemished by tears. She felt rather than accounted for it; reflection and wisdom become useless under similar circumstances; the eternal light of the heart, that master of masters, was the only guide to follow.

Surely, if Madame de Monza had said to herself:

"My husband loves that woman; I am forgotten, I am betrayed, I feel certain that he loves her in a way that would lead him to sacrifice me a thousand times for her,"—surely, then she would have died on the spot; but she did not own it to herself, nor did she wish to own it. She spared herself as one spares a friend, from whom he conceals the truth of what would be insupportable. She thrust aside exigencies and rash advices, and imposed upon herself cunningness as the only means of ultimately maintaining her cause.

"You will keep Mademoiselle Orthez, sir," said she, "since you have powerful reasons therefor—reasons of which I am ignorant, and which you are not at liberty to reveal. I do not deny their being so, since I am not aware of their nature. You are the master, Amédie, and have the power to retain in your house a person whom I dislike. I must submit to your will, and rest assured I shall never complain."

This was the result. The sacrifice was accomplished; but the price of a sacrifice is almost always lost by only half performing it. She added:

"Place near your daughter, near *our* daughter a woman against whom my heart and ideas revolt; put her at the head of the house—I do not oppose it,—but, on the other hand, expect nothing from me. I shall be like a stranger here, and shall trouble myself neither about you, nor her, nor Flavie; I shall wrap myself in my own solitude, amidst my tears, and you will do whatever you please—I shall not interfere."

These words, interrupted by sobs, cost the unfortunate woman such an effort that she seemed almost ready to die. The marquis remained unmoved thereby; a man that loves no longer cannot be moved by prayers, much less by tears. The only way to affect again the epidermis of his remembrance is to brave him—to show oneself stronger and more forgetful than he; he has but one weak side, self-love. Almost all forsaken women misunderstand that truth. Like the widows of India, they light up funeral piles, upon which they immolate themselves, in memory of him who exists no longer for them. The frankincense of regrets which they burn before him flatters his pride and makes him more ferocious still, until the most sublime effort of his generosity is to pity them. Pity is often the last utterance of ingratitude.

The marquis thought himself very fortunate in the concessions made to him by Beatrix, without troubling himself to observe whether they were agreeable, or whether they compromised his dignity, or more particularly that of his wife; he accepted. Judging everything through the prism of his passion, he saw in that deceptive mirage a life of voluptuousness, into which the marchioness entered only by propriety, and in which the rest of his interior life remained veiled from the world, visible only to himself. Conquerors trouble themselves little concerning the price of a victory, provided it is won.

"Be it so, Madame," at length replied the Marquis. "If you had long ago arrived at that conclusion, there would have been a great deal less of unhappiness in your household."

"Well!" resumed the unfortunate wife, choked with grief. "What! you really wish it; you are willing to make the mother of Flavie a stranger, a sort of pariah? You wish to condemn her who bears your name, whom you have loved so much—for you *did* love me, sir? you wish to condemn me to bow my head before an unknown woman, before my inferior! You wish me to abdicate my rights as a wife and mother! Oh! no, no! kill me! kill me rather! do not humiliate and crush me under foot! do not make me an object of contempt for your valets, for your mistress, for my daughter perhaps! I tell you, kill me, and spare a wretched existence!"

The passion of a weak soul is of such a nature that it first commands, and then humbles itself. Passion is one of the greatest weaknesses of the world, when it is not the greatest strength. It may exalt to the universe, or reduce us to the most abject state. It always suggests the parable of the grain of corn falling on ground more or less fertile.

"My God! my dear," answered Amédie, impatient to terminate this scene, "you view everything in a tragical aspect. Who speaks to you of killing anybody? Who talks of contempt and humiliation? I offer you, on the contrary, a future to your own taste. You will find a man disposed to be agreeable to you, henceforth you shall neither be perplexed with troubles nor anxieties; you can give yourself up entirely to the society you worship; you will behold your daughter reared under your own eyes, and will gather the fruits of her education without feeling its thorns; you will have in me an attentive and affectionate husband, yielding in everything, for I know that you could neither do nor wish for anything that is not honorable; you will have, above all, a zealous friend, disposed to furnish you proof of a boundless attachment. Where can you find a more certain or a brighter future? Believe me, my dear Beatrix, you should see life as it is. Shut the novel of youth. We have passed fourteen, nearly fifteen years of married life; it is now time to arrive at positive ideas, and not to strew our path with stones—we have had enough of them from others. Come! kiss me, give me your hand, dry your tears, forget your follies and rely on me for the direction and care of everything. Let yourself live in peace—and me also," added he, with a forced laugh. "Is that so very difficult?"

"Oh, Amédie, Amédie, you wish me to die! you wish me to die cursing my past and the tie that has united us. Well, be satisfied."

"Again, child? Not only will you not die, but you will go and arrange your toilet in the most elegant taste, and at two o'clock will be at the saloon of conversation, to attend the anticipated party. It is to-day that we are going to dine at Ebersteinburg, by the valley of la Meurg. All the best society will be there; you must go also."

"Will you come? Oh! I shall not have courage to show myself."

"I shall certainly join you there; I would not increase your uneasiness. Robert will accompany you, and I give my word that I shall be at the valley before you."

"But why not at the same time?"

"You will not be angry, Beatrix? It is agreed that you forgive everything to-day. I have promised to ride with the Duchess of Alaguy; she will await me, according to our arrangements, and we shall repair together to the rendezvous."

"My God! my God!" muttered the marchioness, rising; "am I unhappy enough!"

"You, my dear!" replied the marquis. "Yes, you are unfortunate in temper, it is true. But be gay, laugh! who has greater chance of happiness than you?"

Who ever saw a man killing a woman of sorrow, that did not recommend her to gaiety? Sadness gives them remorse, and men will not accept dumb reproaches.

Beatrix wished to obey, and therefore condemned herself to a beautiful dress of Indian muslin, lined with blue taffeta and trimmed with lace, with bonnet and mantle alike. She submitted with a smile to brilliant and coquettish conversation. She cruelly condemned her heart to suppress its sorrows. She was endeavoring to be submissive, and to surrender herself to passive and absolute devotedness.

"If I do not die from it," repeated she to herself, "I shall perhaps move him."

The marquis saw her enter the carriage with Robert, and followed them with his eyes until they had disappeared. Then turning to his valet:

"Go," said he to him, "and beg Mademoiselle to be so kind as to come and consult with me in my study. Be quick!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Know, that if you have a friend, you ought to visit him often. The road is grown over with grass, the bushes quickly spread over it, if it be not constantly traveled.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

UNDYING LOVE.

BY FREDERIC JOHNSON.

I love thee, dearest, yet I feel
My love is cast away;
I dream of thee throughout the night
And hopeless are thy day.

I love thee with a love unchill'd,
In good report or ill,
And though I love in vain,
I love on, I'll love thee still.

I love thee fondly, and my love
Shall not be sung in life;
Although its best may shipwrecked be
Upon the sea of strife.

I love thee with a love that speaks
Without a theme's clothe'd,
For death shall not forbid my pain,
Beyond—I love thee still.

A SOLDIER'S FIRST BATTLE.

EXTRACTED FROM HIS PRIVATE JOURNAL.

BY BERNARD BENNETT.

So then the problem is solved, and I am after all a hero! I am glad to know it, for it gives me confidence in myself that I did not have before. I had long doubted whether that interday known to its fellows as Edgar Beaudin, was a brave man or a coward, and now the doubt is removed, the matter is clear, the fact is established, numbers have witnessed it, and the general has made it public.

Well, now that I am a hero, have been congratulated by my comrades and strangers, have acknowledged as such by my quartermaster, and an iping here in the hospital with a broken arm, two broken ribs, a bruised head, a serious stab, and sundry minor abrasions, with plenty of time to think and reflect, let me recall the details and see what claim I have to the honorable distinction.

A private in a battalion of cavalry, flanking the right of a column of infantry advancing, watching the dense bodies of the enemy as they steadily hurried up into position, preparing the battle-cry, their bright arms gathering and flashing in the meridional sun, and their banners waving with, I had not the responsibility of command. I was distant my thoughts from the exultation of personal danger, and I remember calculating the chances of my being killed or disabled within the next hour. I remember, too, that I was not afraid, but I felt very ill at ease, and thinking about the probable pain of a wound, and the nine hearty cheers that would follow my death.

"Bravely done, my gallant fellows!" said the voice of our commander. "Charge!" and on we went, and I remember that I was—that I had had a rather *Pecksniffian* way—and so I concluded to fix there for awhile, more especially as I believed I could meet any soldierly display of cowardice with the bold assertion that my wound had for the time disordered my mental economies.

In a minute or two the gun was surrounded by my comrades, and then nine hearty cheers were given.

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"Beaudin!" said Trevor, who had come across from the gun, and then nine hearty cheers were given